8-1933

August 1933

William Preston Davies

IS THE PEST OF WORMS which strip so many of our trees of their foliage from time to time something new, or has it been a periodical visitation in the past? The question is raised by Dr. J. M. Gillette, who has been examining the condition of some of the native trees on his property on south Fourth street, and who finds reason to suppose that the worm pest is something comparatively new. Dr. Gillette writes: "Behind my house on the river are many great elm trees from 100 to 200 and even 400 years old, or some such matter. Several of them have died, due to the fact that the worm pest has stripped them of leaves for several years. Now they bear no evidence of having ever suffered from such pests in earlier periods, since they have been symmetrical and free from appearance of having lost substantial limbs. This indicates to me that this worm pest is either new or has not been present for perhaps hundreds of years before. Take the thought for what it is worth."

Davies

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THE ORIGIN OF MANY OF our insect and bacterial pests is certainly obscure. Some of them are doubtless due to interference by man with the ordinary operations of nature. The distribution of the Colorado beetle, the familiar potato bug, through the country seems to be due directly to the extension of potato culture. In the early years of Red river valley settlement not a bug could be found in the valley although potato bugs had become common in the eastern states. But presently the bugs were attracted here by the abundance of their favorite food and our fields became infected. The bug seems to follow the potato as the constitution is said to follow the flag.

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GRASSHOPPER INFESTATION seems to be governed by other laws. Migratory locusts seem to travel with the wind and to settle wherever air and food conditions happen to be right. There is no evidence that their movements can be influenced by human acts. Non-migratory locusts seem also to be fairly independent of human activity except as they may yield to vigorous attack aimed at their destruction. Given a series of hot, dry seasons and we are pretty sure to have a succession of bad grasshopper years. Then the insects yield to the attacks of parasites and other natural enemies, and unfavorable weather.

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IT IS DIFFICULT TO SEE what natural conditions have been changed so as to induce an entirely new plague of worms. Their food supply has been here ever since trees were grown in this locality, and the birds that feed on the worms are still fairly abundant. It may be that some combination of circumstances, difficult to analyze, has operated to induce unusually intense infestation in recent years, while in earlier years the conditions were such as to hold the worms in check. Of course other causes than worms contribute to the death of trees. There are often seen on the prairie groves the upper branches of whose trees are dead, as if a great fire had passed over them. This condition is frequently attributed to hot, dry weather, but it seems that this would scarcely apply to trees near the river, for their roots go down deep into wet soil, so that in a measure they are independent of weather conditions.

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TREES ALONG CITY STREETS are apt to have a difficult time because of shortage of water. It is true that their roots go down beneath pavements and below sewer systems. The trouble is that our city drainage systems carry off immediately such a large proportion of the water that falls, and which, under natural conditions, would remain in pools, to percolate slowly down and keep the subsoil saturated.

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THIS TROUBLE IS PARTICULARLY noticeable in large cities where most of the surface is covered, either by buildings or by solid pavement. In such cases scarcely any water gets into the soil, and although the rainfall may be abundant, trees die of thirst. Another condition is found in New York's famous Central park, which is substantially a mass of rock, covered in spots with a thin layer of soil. The trees there have struggled heroically to get their roots down through rock crevices, but even where they reach water they have nothing on which to feed. There is the further complication of air saturated with carbon monoxide from the thousands of cars which pass through the park.

MY NEIGHBOR, P. L. JOHNson, who sells washing machines and things like that for the Ontario store, questions the theory that birds are killed by eating poisoned grain set out for gophers. His doubts on this subject are based on his own experience while farming in the western part of the state a good many years ago. Gophers were numerous and destructive and oats were mixed with the standard preparation of strychnine and scattered near their burrows, great numbers of the pests thus being destroyed.

Davies

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A QUANTITY OF THE POIsoned grain was accidentally spilled and before this was noticed the barnyard chickens had found the grain and feasted on it. Great mortality in the flock was confidently expected, but nothing of the sort happened. The chickens had enjoyed the grain and seemed to thrive on it. In no case did Mr. Johnson learn of any bird, tame or wild, being injured by the poisoned grain.

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IN CONNECTION WITH grasshoppers Mr. Johnson has a good word to say for the English sparrow and another for the crow. During his farming operations hoppers were numerous in his section. Hundreds of sparrows had nested around the barn and other farm buildings, and, having no great opinion of sparrows, he was about to destroy their nests. He noticed, however, that the sparrows were making frequent trips back and forth between their nests and a field where grasshoppers were thick. Watching closely he found that the parent birds were collecting grasshoppers and bringing them home to their young. This they did day after day, and as the youngsters were ravenous many trips a day were required to keep them fed. The nests were allowed to remain where they were, as it seemed that the sparrows did enough useful work to pay for any grain that they ate at other times.

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AT ANOTHER TIME A FIELD of rye grown for hay had been invaded by great numbers of hoppers, and when the rye was cut and curing it was almost covered with the insects. Then came the crows, which settled on that field in hundreds and feasted on the hoppers. Within a short time scarcely a grasshopper was to be found. Again Mr. Johnson concluded that while the crow does considerable damage at certain seasons, in destroying the nests and young of other birds, and sometimes in digging up sprouted corn, there are times when he earns his keep.

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I HAVE BEEN INTERESTED in watching the operations of one of our familiar little sparrows—a clay sparrow, I suppose—in dealing with a grasshopper. The bird chased the hopper in a series of rushes. The hopper flew only a short distance at a time, evidently seeking shelter in the grass. That was where he made his mistake for at each stop the sparrow was right there, pecking furiously at him. Presently the insect was captured, and the sparrow set about the job of preparing him for transportation and consumption. Wings and legs were amputated neatly and expeditiously, and after vigorous pounding to remove any remaining evidences of life, the bird flew away with the dainty morsel, presumably for the nourishment of hungry fledglings.

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THEN WE HAVE A ROBIN IN the neighborhood — I don't know whose robin he is—who attends faithfully to the job of bringing up the sun each morning. With the first gray indications of dawn each morning that bird begins to sing from the top of a neighboring tree. I have heard more melodious singers, but what he lacks in melody he makes up in volume and earnestness. He knows that it is time for the sun to be making its appearance, and he is going to see that the sun rises on time, or he'll know the reason why. He sings vigorously and insistently until the sun is well above the horizon and it is broad daylight. That duty performed, he goes about his other affairs. Rostand's Chanticler had nothing at all on our neighborhood robin.

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THEODORE BYE OF BENTRU, has a pair of excellent photographs of the steamer Grand Forks towing barge loads of wheat near the elevator a few miles east of Mr. Bye's farm. Mr. Bye took the pictures about 1900, at which time grain from the neighborhood was hauled to the river elevator and thence loaded into barges for shipment to Grand Forks.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNment has not taken kindly thus far to the idea of providing funds for the destruction of grasshoppers. Its attitude is easy to understand. The grasshoppers which have been giving trouble during the past few years are local products. Generally speaking, they have been bared in the localities in which they have later devoured vegetation. As a rule they have not traveled far from home. Abnormal conditions of heat and drouth have been ideal for their propagation. Not unnaturally, Washington has taken the position that each state should take care of its own hoppers, just as each state is expected to solve its other local problems.

Davies

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IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THIS attitude may undergo a change, not because of abandonment of the original principle, but because of changed conditions surrounding the pest itself. We have recognized that the grasshopper problem is more than a problem of the individual farmer and more than a township problem by making work for its control a county function. While thus far our grasshoppers have not traveled great distances, they do move from farm to farm and from township to township. Their range has seemed in the past to be governed largely by their food supply, and usually they have been able to find food in abundance without traveling far for it.

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THAT CONDITION IS UNDERgoing a change. There are localities in which infestation is heavy in which practically all green food has been consumed. A young man from the western part of the state told me a few days ago that he knew of localities in which not even a Russian thistle could be found. The grasshoppers had devoured every green thing within the area of heaviest infestation. The locality which he describes contains great areas of rough and uncultivated land. It is a manifest impossibility for the farmers to spread poison over such great unoccupied areas, and in the absence of other means of control the insects must be left to multiply on such land at will. From the wild land they invade the cultivated farms, and as their numbers increase with each favorable season, they will be forced to travel farther and farther for food.

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ALREADY THERE ARE EVIdences either of the development, perhaps the revival, of the migratory instinct among what have been considered domestic grasshoppers or of the tendency of these domestic insects to migrate in great numbers in search of food. At Regina, Saskatchewan, not long ago, lights were turned on in the middle of the day because the daylight was obscured by clouds of flying grasshoppers. Near Pembina a mail plane encountered a cloud of the insects so dense as to impair visibility and the stench from insects killed by contact with the plane was overpowering. A Canadian scientist has conducted careful observations in many places and he reports a marked tendency on the part of grasshoppers to form in swarms and fly.

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THESE FACTS RAISE THE question of how long it will be before grasshopper control will cease to be local and will become an interstate, and perhaps an international problem. Obviously no single county, and no single state, can control a pest that is borne on the wings of the wind and whose origin may be hundreds of miles away. Concerted action by separate states will be helpful, but concerted action is not always easy to achieve, and unless natural conditions take care of the situation we may find our federal government recognizing this as a problem of national scope and one with which no authority short of the federal government can deal effectively.

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SEVERAL DISTINCT VARIEties of grasshoppers have been found among those which infested the fields of the northwest during the past few years. They differ in size, color, markings and other features. So far as I have been able to learn all of these are hatched from eggs deposited in local soil. I have not heard of the identification of any of the present pests with the Rocky Mountain migratory locusts of 50 or 60 years ago. The latter seem to have been strictly migratory. There appears to be no satisfactory information as to what became of them late in the season—whether they disappeared entirely, deposited eggs in the fields which they had overrun, or returned to the mountain foothills for that purpose. There is the possibility that their migrations may have been a temporary phase, a part of their search for food.

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS is dead. He was scarcely known at all by that name, but he became famous as Anthony Hope. In "The Prisoner of Zenda" he originated the type of romantic fiction which was immensely popular for a good many years and in which he produced other examples in later works. George Barr McCutcheon followed a similar line in "Graustark" and other popular novels. It is rather curious that while Anthony Hope founded the school, it was McCutcheon's book that gave it the name by which it has most usually been known, at least in this country. The term "Graustarkian" has come to represent a form of fiction in which there is romantic adventure involving titled persons in imaginary countries conveniently located somewhere in the Balkans. Perhaps it is not as easy to make an adjective of "Zenda."

Davies

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THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN and enjoyed "The Prisoner of Zenda" on the stage will remember a clever bit of stage business in the play. The hero and the prince in the story are as like as two peas, their common ancestry involving an irregular romance generations back. In the drama the two characters are played by the same person. At one point the prince, badly intoxicated, falls in a stupor after a struggle with attendants, and while he lies there in full view the audience is startled to see the hero walk upon the stage, and the question of how the leading actor changed parts and costumes without being observed has puzzled a good many theatre-goers.

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REWRITING AND BOILING down a famous book is a task that is not often done successfully if success means the retention of the flavor of the original work. No less a person than Winston Spencer Churchill, the stormy petrel of British politics, has tried his hand at it recently with only indifferent results. He has given condensed versions of several popular novels, each occupying a page of newspaper space. There are popular novels which could be condensed into much less space without doing them any injury—the more condensed they are, the better. But the works to which Churchill has given his attention are classics such as "The Moonstone" and "Jane Eyre" which are generally agreed to have real merit.

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OBVIOUSLY, ANY WRITER can tell the story of any book ever written within the limits of a newspaper page. That is, he can outline the plot in skeleton form. And, for the reader who has read the book years ago and has not seen it since, such a condensation has some interest. If the outline is given him again he will enjoy filling in the details for himself. Every turn of the story will recall to him some forgotten incident, some clever characterization, some bit of philosophy, and he will feel as if he were re-reading the book itself.

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IF THE CHURCHILL SERIES is intended to revive the enjoyment of old readers in this way, it will serve a useful purpose. But if the idea is to familiarize others with great works of fiction which they have not the time or the will to read and digest, the effort is a dismal failure. The whole story of the book of Job, for instance, could be told in a few sentences. But what would one know about it who had never read the book itself? Where would be the imagination, the imagery, the philosophy, the poetry of that wonderful book? It would be a skeleton, destitute of flesh, of blood, of the breath of life.

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I HAVE SOMETIMES RUN across a method of teaching literature which involves something of the skeletonizing method, with aggravations. The class is given a great poem to study. Before any attention is given to the poem there must be the reconstruction of the background. Students must inform themselves about the author, date of birth, how and where educated, what influences operated to shape his literary work, how he came to write this particular poem, what is its metrical form and why, and a lot of other statistical matter which he will forget as quickly as he can. Then, having been thoroughly wearied and nauseated, he is expected to swallow the poem himself, and like it. Is it any wonder that a student, subjected to that sort of treatment, doesn't like poetry? Who could?

I HAVE BEEN THINKING about that man out in the western part of the state who applied for a marriage license and had to wait until the official ascertained whether the law calling for the use of state mill flour required the slogan to be placed on marriage licenses. Not to delay the young man too long the official decided that he would not wait for instructions from Bismarck, but had the slogan typewritten on the license. That was a sensible thing to do. When people want to be married and are eligible, needless obstacles ought not to be placed in their way.

Davies

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THE THING THAT INTERests me particularly is the possibility that the young man may be a miller. Probably he is not, but he may be. If he is, what a comfort it will be to him in later years to know that one of the most important documents that he ever received bears the admonition to use flour made at the state mill! If he is a truly patriotic citizen he will perhaps abandon the use of his own flour and use that made at the state mill. In a somewhat similar way the use of the slogan will be of interest to other private millers. They will rejoice in the consciousness of having contributed through their taxes to the advertising of a publicly made product which is directly in competition with their own, and when they receive public documents bearing that legend they will feel a glow of satisfaction at having done their duty as citizens.

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WHAT IS THE SMALLEST country in the world? If area is the test the title must belong to the principality of Monaco, familiar to travelers because in it is situated the famous gaming place, Monte Carlo. Monaco, surrounded by French territory except for its frontage on the Mediterranean, has an area of only 370 acres. However, its population of some 25,000 makes it a country of some importance. At any rate its population is more than one-fourth that of our state of Nevada.

WHEN BOTH POPULATION and area are considered the title of smallest seems to belong to the little island of Tavalora in the Mediterranean just north of Sardinia. Tavalora has an area of only two and one-half square miles and a population of only 100. With a few interruptions Tavalora has been an indepndent "nation" since the days of the Caesars, and it is independent today. Its 100 inhabitants are governed by a president and six councilmen, all of whom serve without pay.

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SAN MARINO, ON THE ITALian peninsula fronting on the Adriatic, has an area of 38 square miles and a population of 13,000. It is described as the oldest state in Europe. It declared war against Charlemagne, but that emperor died without being aware of the fact. It has a treaty of friendship with Italy, and during the world war it declared war against the central powers. It is governed by an elected council of 60 members, two of whom are given executive powers.

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ANDORRA, IN THE PYRENees, between France and Spain, is one of the most interesting of the pygmy indendent states. Its area is 191 square miles and it has a population of 6,000. It has recently abolished the rule of the oldest male citizen and now permits youths to vote before the death of their fathers and to marry without the consent of their elders.

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SAVE FOR ELECTRIC LIGHTS and one movie, life for the 6,000 inhabitants has changed little since medieval days. They are a nation of farmers; hardy, independent mountainers, devoted to a land where living is a ceaseless struggle. The severe winters and hot, dry summers make even agriculture difficult. Sheep and goats graze on the scanty grass of upland pastures, and tobacco forms the main crop in irrigated valley bottoms.

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LUCKILY THE COST OF LIVing is low in a country that has no taxes, no tariffs and no army. Even the police force is voluntary and the president's salary totals $15 a year. This official is elected by a general council of 24 men, two representatives from each of the six provinces. Judicial authority is vested in two civil judges appointed by the bishop of Urgel and the president of France.

BOYS, LIKE MEN, ADJUST their occupations to the season and the weather. A few months ago all the boys in town seemed to be making airplanes, but that industry seems to have been suspended for the time being, doubtless because the wide open spaces are more attractive in midsummer than is the close confinement involved in the building of planes. Undoubtedly the industry will be revived with the return of indoor weather. Some of the planes made by the youngsters were marvels of precise and delicate construction, and many of them made quite remarkable flights.

Davies

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IT MAY INTEREST AIRMINDED boys to know that the world's record for flying model planes powered with internal combustion engines was won in June at Roosevelt field, New York, by Maxwell Bassett of Philadelphia, whose plane in a contest there rose to a height of more than 3,000 feet and flew for 12 minutes and 34 seconds. The craft is a cabined monoplane with wing spread of about four feet, driven by a one-cylinder engine less than one inch in diameter. It made its remarkable flight on one ounce of gasoline mixed with oil. There were close to 200 entries in the contest at Roosevelt field, the same field from which Lindbergh took off for his flight to Paris six years ago. The plane took off under its own power, spiraled gracefully until it had reached a height of more than 3,000 feet. There it spared, obscured at times by thin clouds through which it flew, and the hum of its propeller could be heard distinctly on the ground. What a thrill that must have been for the young builder!

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IT IS EASY TO UNDERSTAND why men did not fly under power centuries ago. Even if they had known how to build planes that were scientifically correct they had no means of equipping them with power. To drive such an engine as is suitable for a plane there is required a special kind of fuel of which nothing was known until recent years, a special method of using that fuel, and electrical equipment which had not then been invented. But now that men have learned to fly under power, they have discovered that they can glide without power. Why didn't they discover that long ago. The urge to fly was there, and in all ages men have made that attempt. All the necessary materials were available, cheap and abundant. Yet it remained for the Wright brothers in the Twentieth century to make the first successful flight.

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SINCE THE APPARENTLY more difficult and complicated task of building a successful powered machine has been accomplished men have flown for hours in gliders without power of any kind save that supplied by the wind. The whole thing seems to have gone backward, as if a child should first learn to run and then learn to stand up.

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IN THAT CONNECTION ONE thinks of the tendency often shown to attribute prophetic power or intent to persons who had no thought of prophesy. Thus, when flight was actually achieved there were frequent references to the prophetic insight of J. T. Trowbridge as exhibited in his famous poem about Darius Green and his flying machine. The wonder-lovers immediately began to read into the poem a prophecy that the conquest of the air would actually be accomplished, with suggestions as to the method by which this was to be done. Probably no one would have been more surprised that Trowbridge himself at the suggestion that he had intended in the verses anything more than a bit of fun. Everybody had watched birds fly. Most people had wondered if some day human beings might not fly. A good many had actually made the attempt. On these familiar facts the author built an amusing structure.

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JULES VERNE'S ADVENTURE stories are built along different lines. The writer in this case had considerable scientific information which he used as the basis for speculation as to what might be possible at some time, and around this he wove his romance. The one of his speculations which has come nearest to being realized is that of the submarine craft which performed such wonders. In this, however, he went far beyond anything that has yet been realized, and probably beyond what will ever be realized in submarine navigation. The submarine, so far as it has been developed, is a slow, fragile craft, and it does not seem likely that it will ever be anything else.

WILD FRUIT SEEMS TO BE abundant this year, at least in the valley and immediately adjacent territory. Small boys have been peddling unusually large and plump wild gooseberries which they have gathered in the timber belts along the river. Wild gooseberry pie is an excellent thing with which to tickle the palate, and the berries make fine sauce. For some reason the wild bushes do not seem to be affected by mildew, which banished gooseberries from many of the gardens back east years ago.

Davies

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OUR GOOSEBERRIES ARE usually used green. The ripe, black fruit makes a good preserve, quite rich, and more inclined to flatness than most persons like it. For those who like the ripe berries I offer the suggestion that they wait until much later in the season before gathering them. Ripe berries are often found mingled with the green ones on the bushes, and sometimes they are so numerous that quantities of them may be gathered and kept separate from the green fruit. If one is interested enough to make the examination, however, he will usually find that the prematurely ripened berry, although it may be large and plump, is inhabited by a sizable worm whose presence accounts for the early ripening. I have not noticed that the worm affects the flavor of the fruit, but there are those who are a little squeamish about worms. If the bushes are undisturbed the wormy berries will drop off, leaving the sound fruit to ripen naturally.

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PROSPECTS ARE SAID TO BE excellent for a big crop of chokecherries, which grow abundantly in many sections of the state. Pin cherries, the little clear red fellows, are said to grow abundantly in the Park River district, but I have never done any picking in that territory, so I cannot speak from personal experience.

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DOWN IN BENTRU TOWNship my friend Theodore Bye has a grove on the farm homesteaded by his father more than half a century ago. The farm is several miles from the river and the nearest natural timber. When the elder Bye entered the valley in the seventies he found all the land close to the river taken up. He was advised not to go out on the prairie as it was not supposed that people could live on the open plain. Mr. Bye thought differently, and took up a prairie claim where he raised some wonderful crops and made a comfortable home. He planted trees around his buildings, and during the years a regular little forest has grown up. All around the inner edge of the hollow rectangle that surrounds the farm yard is a dense growth of chokecherries, although no cherries were ever planted there by human hands. Presumably the first seeds were carried there by birds, and from the trees thus started others sprang up until the present dense growth resulted.

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I AM TOLD THAT THERE are also prospects for a good crop of wild plums. Plum thickets along the timber belts have been sadly abused by reckless persons who have broken off branches for the blossoms in the spring, and who have torn down and trampled the trees while gathering fruit in the fall. Nevertheless, there are still thousands of plum trees. These are of several varieties, some of which are large, and of flavor equal to that of much of the cultivated fruit.

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I NEVER HEARD OF SHIPping wild plums until recently, but J. T. Cockburn, a Pembina merchant, tells me that in one year not long ago he shipped seven tons of wild plums from the Pembina station. I couldn't imagine where a market could be found for seven tons of wild plums until I was told that the fruit was shipped to a large nursery company, which planted the pits and on the seedlings grafted scions of cultivated plums. The wild stock gave the trees the necessary hardiness, and the grafts provided the fruit quality.

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I HAVE HEARD NOTHING about the prospects for wild grapes which do not ripen, as a rule, until well into September. There is a theory that the wild grape needs a touch of frost to bring out its best quality. This, I think, is only partly true. A light frost hastens the ripening process, and if the season is backward a touch of frost will help. But if the season is such that the fruit will reach complete maturity without frost, no frost is needed to perfect it.

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WITH THE WILD GRAPE, AS with other wild fruits, individual plants seem to develop permanent characteristics of their own. There are grape vines that never produce anything but small, scrubby fruit. On the other hand, there is a vine about a dozen miles from town which for many years, to my knowledge, has produced grapes about midway in size between a small Concord and the ordinary wild grape, and the fruit is unusually rich and sweet. Near by, growing in the same soil and under the same conditions, are vines which yield only grapes of ordinary size and quality.

AT SOME TIME IN THE Eighteenth century, perhaps shortly after the Revolutionary war, members of the Crockett family began the long trek westward from the eastern seaboard which was to distribute members of the clan through the Mississippi valley, on to the Pacific and into Texas. One of the descendants, David, born in Tennessee, became famous as Colonel "Davy" Crockett, frontiersman, soldier and congressman, who was killed in 1836 in the defense of the Alamo. Another member of the family, Colonel Walter Crockett, was living in northern Missouri toward the middle of the last century when the movement of population to the new territory of Oregon began, shortly before the discovery of gold in California which diverted many of the trekkers southward to the gold fields.

Davis

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WALTER CROCKETT WAS the great grandfather of O. L. Spencer, manager of the North Dakota state mill at Grand Forks. One of his sons, John, Mr. Spencer's grandfather, lived just across the line in Iowa. Another son, Samuel B. joined the procession to Oregon, which then included what is now the state of Washington, and established himself on Whilby island, where a settlement had been effected by Colonel Coupe. Colonel Coupe, after whom the town of Coupeville was named, was killed by Indians as he left his fort to enter into conference with them.

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FOR SEVERAL MONTHS I have had on my desk copies of letters which passed between members of the Crockett family, awaiting a favorable opportunity to make use of them as a contribution to the annals of the northwest. This seems to be as good a time as any to use them, and they will occupy this column during the next two or three days. There are three letters, one from an unknown named James Black to Mrs. Mary Ross, a Virginia lady who afterwards became the wife of Walter Crockett, one from Samuel Crockett in Oregon to his brother, John in Iowa, and one from Samuel to his father in Missouri. Although the latest of the letters was written in 1850 the ink is only slightly faded. In each case the handwriting is firm and clear. The spelling, some of which is reproduced, is at least as good as George Washington's. Spelling in those days was less standardized than it has become since, and was, apparently, largely a matter of taste. In form and in substance the letters indicate that the writers were persons of cultivation, who had ideas of their own, and who thought to some purpose.

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THE FIRST LETTER OF THE series, dated August 2, 1818, written by James Black, of Clark county, state of Ohio, is addressed to Mrs. Mary Ross, Montgomery Ct., State of Virginia," and reads as follows:

"Dear Polly having a favourable opportunity I could get over dropping you a few lines to let you know that we are all well at present except Susannah she has been very unwell for a few days past. I stated in Brother Charles letter the death of Henry Brown since I just now hear it contradicted I believe him not to be dead and wish you to make mention of the same.

"I would be glad to see you and more so to spend a few days with you I would be glad to know how times is and how the world uses you. I have understood that A. M. C. started to Pennsylvania and got lost and found himself in Virginia. This must be enthusiasm which I do not understand and cannot conjecture how so long a route with so eager an emotion could be performed by a man of so worthy a family, so great a fortune, and so untained a caracter without the smallest drop of the healing bam of consollation being poured on a wounded spirit. The foundation of this rout I am unacquainted with but I cannot hardly get over charging you with being somewhat cruel and hard hearted to our Ohio gent. I can inform you that ———— is married to your old school mate Polly Burgess and living in Springfield. John William and Betsey ———— are all married. I understand that Reed is now in that county. I add no more at present but the love of my companion who desires to be remembered to all enquiring friends."

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IT IS APPARENT THAT MR. Black was having a little quiet fun with the young widow Ross over the attentions of some swain who seems to have received little encouragement, and the jesting is couched in the somewhat stilted language of the period.

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THE SECOND LETTER OF the series, or as much of it as the space will accommodate, will appear tomorrow.

Cont Aug 11-12-13

CONTINUING THE LETTERS of the Crockett series, there is given herewith the first part of a letter written February 21, 1848, by Samuel B. Crockett at Newmarket Prairie, Lewis county, Oregon territory, to his father, Colonel Walter Crockett Chariton Mills, Putnam county, U. S. A. As the letter closes with a reference to its being sent by messenger and the figure 5 appears on the corner in lieu of a postage stamp it is assumed that the messenger carried it part of the way until he came in contact with postal service and then mailed it. It will be noted that Samuel mentions having written another letter "last spring," nearly a year before, and of having heard indirectly that late arrivals in the territory had letters and presents for him which he hoped to get shortly. In this letter is told the dramatic story of a massacre by Indians, one of the tragic episodes of the opening of the west. The letter reads:

Davies

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"DEAR FATHER: I HAVE again sit down to write you a few lines to let you know that I am in good health and have generally known nothing else for nearly two years. I have received the letters you sent me by Mr. Rogers since I wrote to you last, which was last spring. I have learned by several that William Cochran, Melchi Johnson and his mother have arrived in Oregon with the last emigration. Cochran sent me word that he had several letters for me with some other presents, all of which I hope to get shortly; they were amongst the hindmost of the emigants and consequently suffered some on the latter end of the journey on account of having to come by water from the dales; the road through the mountains being impassable on account of snow and mud. They were well when I heard from them except Johnson's oldest child.

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"THE CAMP FEVER HAS AS usual been very fatal amongst the late emigration, many of them having died and are still dying; they have also suffered considerable by measles which they brought to the country and is spreading rapidly amongst the Indians, many of whom having died with it.

* * *

"I MUST NOW TELL YOU OF the difficulties which have taken place between the Cay-oose Indians and the people of Oregon. It seems from the Indians' statements that from the great number of them that were dying with the measles that they became jealous that Dr. Whitman was giving them poison and therefore to avenge the suspected wrong they determined to kill Dr. Whitman and the other missionaries in the upper part of Oregon; they accordingly assembled one day at Whitman's mission apparently one by one with their guns concealed under their blankets to avoid suspicion; they made the attack and killed the Dr. and his wife with eleven others mostly men and took the balance who were women and children prisoners and treated them in the most brutal manner they could possibly invent; thus died that great missionary by the hands of the people among whom he had so long lived and in whom he had placed so much confidence; this is another instance I think, that proves that it is useless to change the habits of any heathen people unless you change also their sentiments, which I think is a hard job and generally next to impossible; the prisoners were fortunately released from a terrible captivity by the good management of Mr. Ogden; the other missions in that part I think are generally abandoned and no other lives lost except at Whitman's.

* * *

"THE LEGISLATURE OF OREgon was in session when this dreadful deed happened and took prompt measures to commence war with those Indians; several hundred men were on their way to the Cay-oose country the last I heard, commanded by Col. Gilburn a rough old Florida hero who will be sure to take vengeance in a prompt and rough manner. Joseph Letteek formerly from Washington county, Va., was started on express to the U. S. A. and Mr. Applegate to California to solicit aid from the United States forces."

* * *

THE SERIES WILL BE CONtinued tomorrow with the remainder of this letter by Samuel B. Crockett.

IN THE REMAINDER OF HIS letter to his father Samuel B. Crockett writes of crop conditions, which had been poor, but which had improved. Bread stuffs were "scarce and dear," which was unfortunate for newcomers, as they had everything to buy. Oregon territory had become the scene of considerable activity. Grist mills were being started and other improvements were being made. The settlers looked forward hopefully toward the future. The injunction to others of the family who might follow them to start early was based on the experience of many others who had crossed the mountains, and who, because of a late start had been caught in the mountains by heavy fall snows. The journey was one that took months, and many perished on the way.

Davies

* * *

THE REFERENCE IN THE earlier part of the letter to the Indian massacre touches on a phase of our relations with the Indians which was the source of such trouble, much of which might have been avoided if whites and Indians had understood each other better at the outset. Dr. Whitman was doing the best that he could for the Indians who were being carried off by measles, a strange and new disease of which they knew nothing. His purpose was misunderstood, and the Indians supposed that instead of helping, he was trying to destroy them by giving them medicines which were as strange to them as was the disease itself. At this distance it is not difficult to understand something of the fear and desperation which induced them to use bloody means to save the remnant of their people from the danger which they thought threatened them.

* * *

THERE IS A WORLD OF philosophy in Samuel's statement that it is useless to change the habits of a heathen people unless their sentiments also can be changed, a task which the pioneer recognized as being one of great difficulty. In this case the Indians were suspicious and afraid of the whites and interpreted everything that the whites did on the basis of their fear and suspicion.

Samuel's letter to his father concludes:

* * *

"THE LAST CROPS IN OREgon were very light and bread stuffs are scarce and dear but it is hoped bread will be plenty again after harvest as very large crops have been sown last fall and winter.

* * *

"THIS WINTER HAS BEEN very mild and we have had but two or three small snows which lay only a day or two, our cattle are in good order and we have worked them on the grass all winter.

* * *

"I AM GETTING ON TOLERably well considering the hard times in Oregon; I have a pretty good crop of wheat sown and expect to get in a good deal of spring crop. I was engaged last summer most of the time helping to build a grist mill at the mouth of the Fall river. Mr. Simmons, to whom the mill belong, and myself done the mill wright work and I begin to think I am almost mill wright enough to build a mill myself. There is also a sawmill about finished at the same place so you see we are getting some improvements and conveniences here which I hope will soon attract settlers and shipping to this place. Mr. McAllister has sold his claim and moved to the mouth of the Nisqually river and I am keeping bachelor's hall with a Mr. Gordon.

* * *

"I EXPECT TO GO TO THE Willamette sometime this spring and if I have a chance I will write again. I cannot tell you anything about coming home yet as congress still delays doing anything for this country and I do not wish to leave until I know what will be done for the people of Oregon.

* * *

"I WANT YOU AND THE balance of the family to still write to me every chance and I will do the same to you. If any of you ever start to come to Oregon try by all means and start early for be assured that they that are behind fare badly but do not run races in traveling only travel steady. Give my best love to all the family and old friends and neighbors. So farewell dear father and believe me to be yours sincerely.

SAMUEL B. CROCKET.

"I do not know who will carry this letter but I think likely Mr. Logan of Montgomery county, Mo. He is a relation and acquaintance of the Wrights in Boone and has told me a good deal about them.

HEREWITH IS THE CONCLUsion of Samuel B. Crockett's letter to his brother John, the first section of which was published in yesterday's Herald. This closes the series:

Davies

"I THINK IF you could see Oregon and Missouri or Iowa side by side at this time you would be quite astonished at the contrast; we have had as fine a fall season as I have seen in Oregon; we have had but little frost yet and occasional rains which has caused the prairie and wheat fields to look as green and flourishing as May; cattle and stock of all kinds as fat as I ever saw them—hogs have done remarkably well this fall owing to a good oak mast; the crops in Oregon this season have been good; the price of produce is much owing to its distance from shipping; here wheat is selling for $2.50 and sixty miles in the interior for one dollar per bushel and good horses 70 and 80 dollars, cows 30 and 50 dollars, pork 15 and 25 cents and beef from 12 to 25 cents.

* * *

"I HAVE NOT HEARD OF John and James Cochran yet but I hope I will as soon as Col. Ebeg (indistinct) returns from the Willammett and then I will write and let you know more about their luck in emigrating. A Judge Cochran from some of the lower counties has arrived and is now living at Milwaukie on the Willammett river he talks of moving to this part.

* * *

"I HAVE RENTED OUT MY farm this season and do not expect to farm much for I can make more money faster and easier working at the carpenter trade in my present situation. I have got me a set of tools and do almost any kind of work in wood. I have just returned from Fort Stilicum where I have been at work and I expect to start to circuit court tomorrow, which convenes next Tuesday.

* * *

"TELL MOTHER THAT I received her letter some time ago that she wrote in May which I answered promptly. It told me of Grandfather Bearlys death which I have been expecting for years. I have not received the letter from Father yet which he sent by the Mr. Cochrans. Write as soon as you can and direct your letter to Olympia P. O., Lewis Co. O. T. and tell the others to do the same for the name of the office has been lately changed.

* * *

"DEAR JOHN, IF I WERE COMpelled to advise you or any of the family about moveing I would certainly advise you to come to Oregon as soon as practicable for I think it would better your situation much; so I will look for you in a year or two and do not fail to inform me of your movements often.

"My best love to your wife and a kind remembrance to your little son.

"Yours sincerely, so farewell,

"SAM B. CROCKETT."

* * *

THE LETTERS WHICH HAVE been published during the past few days relate to the experiences of the Crockett family, one member of which was Colonel "Davy" Crockett, while a descendant of another branch is O. L. Spencer of Grand Forks. Marksmanship, for which Colonel "Davy" was famous, seems to have been a family characteristic and to have been transmitted to his remote relative, Spencer, who is unusually handy with a shotgun.

* * *

THE LETTERS WHICH HAVE been published are matter-of-fact recitals of experiences which doubtless seemed quite ordinary to those who participated in them. One may read between the lines, however, much of the romance, adventure and tragedy which have been recorded in history and woven into realistic fiction in the literature of the "winning of the west." Back of the casual references to difficulties on the Oregon trail are the fording of rivers, the climbing of mountain trails, the constant watchfulness for lurking Indians, illness and sometimes death on the way and other like experiences on that journey of months across plains and over mountains to reach the western sea.

* * *

THERE WAS THE WARM AFfection that bound members of a family together, though half a continent divided them. But instead of a letter which could carry a message in two or three days, or a telegram or telephone message which could carry it in the twinkling of an eye, communication had to await the exigencies of overland travel, and it took months for a letter to reach its destination. Correspondence was restricted to a letter every year or two.

* * *

PROBABLY SAMUEL CROCKett would have been surprised if he had been told that he was an economist. He was a farmer and carpenter, and he seems to have made good at both occupations. Yet away back, nearly a century ago, in that remote country into which there had been carried only little bits of a remote civilization, he was thinking the thoughts that some of our wisest men are thinking today. He had before him in agriculture and steady industry the elements which make for permanent progress and in the gold rush the symbol of the speculative spirit which seeks to reap where it has not sown. He saw that in their eager pursuit of the shadow men were neglecting the substance and in the piling up of illusive profits an influence which disturbed the economic balance and operated as a brake on real progress. He had a keen and observing mind and had learned useful lessons in the school of experience

VISITORS AT THE WORLD'S fair in Chicago will find much to interest them in tracing the development of rail transportation as represented in the exhibits of early models of locomotives, coaches, etc., and their successors through the century of railway activity in America. One of the interesting exhibits is a model of a race between a locomotive and a horse-drawn car in which the horse was the first to reach the goal. Notwithstanding the fact that the horse first reached the end of the course, the contest was considered to have demonstrated the superiority of steam over horse power.

Davies

* * *

THE "TOM THUMB," THE ENgine which participated in this race on August 25, 1830, was the first American-built locomotive. It was built by Peter Cooper, a New York alderman, in 1829, but, the first tests being unsatisfactory, the engine was returned to the shop, where its inventor worked on it for several months before being satisfied that it could be run.

* * *

ON THE OCCASION MENtioned above the "Tom Thumb" was returning from a trip to Ellicott's Mills, Md. (now Ellicott City), thirteen miles from Baltimore, when, leaving Relay, which received its name from the fact that horses were changed at this point, the driver of the horse car on the adjoining parallel track, challenged Peter Cooper to a race.

* * *

IN AN INSTANT THEY WERE off! The "Tom Thumb" for a while lagged behind, but when Peter Cooper put on full steam, it drew up on even terms, then forged ahead. The engine was winning! Just then the belt on the drum of the little engine slipped and the "Tom Thumb" had to stop to have this adjusted. The horse tore by it on the next track and obtained such a lead, due to this accident, that it actually finished first. The finishing line was the Baltimore terminal of the railroad, Mount Clare station, built in 1830 and still in use. However, historians point out that the "Tom Thumb" really was the victor because it proved the feasibility of steam locomotion.

* * *

THE "TOM THUMB" IS REPresented in the Baltimore & Ohio exhibit by a model, but the "Atlantic," another famous locomotive, is there in person, so to speak. The "Atlantic" was built in 1832 by Phineas Davis, a watchmaker of York, Pa., and when the observer sees it in motion, with its queer levers and rods, he will understand why it became known as the first of the "grasshopper" type of locomotive. It was the first locomotive to enter Washington—in 1835—and heading the crowd to greet it on that occasion was President Andrew Jackson. Theodore Roosevelt ran the engine on one occasion and declared the experience "bully." When President Lincoln called for troops to defend the union it was the "Atlantic," then a veteran with 25 years service, that hauled the first advance guard train of soldiers to Washington. After having been in continuous service for 61 years it was run to Chicago for the World's fair of 1893, and now, after 40 years it has been brought out and steamed up to take part in another World's fair.

* * *

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO celebrated its centennary in 1827, and competing with some of its ancient equipment for public interest was the "William Crooks" pioneer engine and train of the Great Northern under the direction of the veteran conductor, the late W. H. McGraw of Grand Forks. Colonel McGraw had charge of that train on many tours. He has told of the visit to the train of President Coolidge, and of the president's interest in the old engine with its wood-burning equipment, and in the little coaches, which seem so strange in comparison with the palatial equipment of the modern train.

* * *

THOSE OLD ENGINES SEEM crude today, but their sturdiness and dependability are evidence of the honest workmanship that went into them. Their quality depended largely on human skill and human faithfulness, for the chemical tests and mechanical devices which now insure excellence in material and accuracy in finish had not then been developed. The tempering of steel, the fitting of bearings and all the other details of construction were matters in which reliance had to be placed on the experience, intelligence and honesty of indivdual workmen who did their work well because they were proud of it.

HOME AGAIN! AND THE OLD town looks good, even if it is dry. At that, it is no drier than the rest of the country, for, wherever I have been during the past three weeks there is urgent need for rain. All through southern Ontario, and in the intervening territory, fields are parched, pastures are brown, and such small grain as is still standing is short and promises only a light yield. We have better corn in the Red river valley than I have seen in southern Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana or Michigan, all fine corn country in an ordinary year.

Davies

* * *

OUR LITTLE FAMILY PARTY reached home Saturday evening after about three weeks into which a lot of driving, sightseeing and visiting had been crowded. Our first major stop was at the fair in Chicago, which has been mentioned in earlier letters, and concerning which I shall have more to say. Leaving Chicago our route took us to various points in Ontario, with Toronto as the eastern end of the journey.

* * *

THERE IS A TOUCH OF SADness associated with our first stop in Ontario, which was at Seaforth. There we made a brief call on Mrs. McQuaid, mother of Mrs. Dr. Mulligan, and found her bright and alert, and as active as might be expected of one of her age. Last Sunday's paper contained the announcement of her death. Mrs. McQuaid had many friends in Grand Forks, where she had spent considerable time with her daughter. We found her in a lovely home in Seaforth, the house shaded with maples, and all the surroundings bespeaking repose and refinement. She had rounded out her life in graciousness and dignity, loving and beloved.

* * *

TO J. H. RUETTELL, FORMERly of Kincardine, and others who may have occasion to travel that way I tender the advice NOT to take the Blue Water Highway north from Sarnia in its present state of development. We made that mistake on advice received in Sarnia, and regretted it. The road parallels the Lake Huron shore, and at times the lake is visible from it. It cuts off considerable mileage to points along the lake shore, and some day it will be a fine road. At present much of it is covered with loose gravel and portions of it are very rough. We should have done better to go around by London, where we should have had an excellent paved road all the way.

* * *

ONTARIO HAS AS FINE through highways as have any of the states adjoining it, and in general the secondary roads are well maintained. The system of marking is excellent. The driver is warned by numerous notices conspicuously placed that the speed limit is 35 miles per hour, but notwithstanding Canada's reputation as a law-abiding country, nobody pays any attention to those notices, except that once in a long time some traffic officer with an ambition to make a record, makes an arrest. A young relative of mine was recently fined $14. She was going about 50, which is about the usual speed.

* * *

ETHEL, A HURON COUNTY village where we spent a couple of days with relatives, is making a brave struggle to hold its own against the competition of larger towns. Not a vestige of the old sawmill remains. The flour mill has been succeeded by a "chopping" mill for the grinding of feed. The little wagon factory is gone. But there are three stores, two churches and a good schoolhouse. On a vacant corner croquet is played industriously every day, usually in the presence of an interested and critical gallery. I participated in a couple of games and brought disaster to my partner each time.

* * *

TORONTO, WHERE WE VISITed other relatives, is a fine city of some 700,000 inhabitants, with a magnificent harbor and a fine lake front. The harbor is practically enclosed by what is known as Hanlan's island, after Ed Hanlan, in his day champion oarsman of the world, who owned a hotel at the western tip of the island. When I lived in Brantford fifty-odd years ago we had occasional excursions to Toronto, and on one such occasion Hanlan, who was exercising in his shell in the bay amused himself by rowing rings around the little steam launch which took some of our group over to the point. At that time the island was uninhabited except for the big hotel and a few other buildings at Hanlan's point. The rest was covered with trees and brush, and it was the practice of our fellows to cross the island and go swimming in the lake in a state of nature. There was nobody to see or care. Now the island is occupied by summer cottages, permanent homes, amusement places, and much of it has been beautifully landscaped. Those who bathe there now are expected to wear at least some little thing in the nature of clothing.

A CURIOUS CONTROVERSY has arisen over the use of Kew beach, a desirable beach at the east end of the city. The district around is a quiet residence district, and the beach has been used chiefly by the local people, mostly business and professional people who own good homes. Recently the territory has been invaded by large groups from the west end, and the local people complain that these visitors are loud and disorderly. Whether correctly or not it has been alleged that most of the newcomers are Jews, and in consequence there has arisen an element of race controversy. Many of those who seek to protect the sanctity of the beach have adopted the swastika emblem, and thus the controversy that has been going on in Germany has been projected into the swastika area. The swastika serves as a chip on the shoulder, or as a red rag to a bull, and there have been riotous scenes which have demanded the attention of the police. The fight was being waged vigorously when we left the city.

Davies

* * *

OUR LAST CONSIDERABLE stop in Ontario was at Brantford, where I lived for several years, and near where I was born and spent my childhood. Brantford is now a city of about 30,000 inhabitants. Like practically all Ontario cities it has gone largely into manufacturing, and, with other cities, it has felt the effects of the depression severely. Because of the character of its chief industries the city has been harder hit than most of its neighbors. It is the seat of the Cockshutt plow works and of the Massey-Harris implement works. These are the two largest implement concerns in Canada, and they depend very largely on the prairie provinces for their sales. Short crops and low prices have curtailed the buying power of the western farmers, and the implement trade has shrunk to almost nothing. I was told that the factories were speeding up a little, improved prices for grain having brought in some new orders. Textile industries, I was told, were working full time, large orders having been received from South Africa and other outlying British possessions.

* * *

BRANTFORD, AS I HAVE mentioned in sundry other articles, is known as the Telephone city, because it was at the home of his father, about two miles south of the city, that Alexander Graham Bell conducted many of the experiments that brought to completion his invention of the telephone. It was over a telegraph wire between Brantford and Paris, about eight miles distant, that the first long-distance conversation in history was carried on. This took place on August 10, 1876, and the anniversary was celebrated in this as in former years by the flying of flags.

THE OLD BELL HOMESTEAD has been acquired by the city and it is maintained as a public memorial in honor of the distinguished inventor. It was with great interest that I visited the place two weeks ago which had been familiar to me in boyhood, especially as I had read of the encroachments being made on the property by the river. Several acres of the fine estate have been carried down stream and piling which has been driven as a protection is giving way. It will probably be necessary to move the buildings forward in order to preserve them.

* * *

IN THE OLD RESIDENCE IS maintained a small, but interesting, museum of early telephone history. Some of the fine old family furniture has been retained. On the walls are portraits of Professor Bell in youth and in middle age, of his deaf-mute wife, a charming lady who, herself, was a teacher of deaf-mutes, and of his parents. Under glass are shown several of Bell's early telephones and numerous pieces of equipment associated with the progress of telephone communication.

* * *

ANOTHER INTERESTING VISit was made to the old Mohawk church just outside the Brantford city limits. In the little cemetery adjoining the ancient wooden building lie the remains of Joseph Brant, the famous Indian chief after whom the city of Brantford is named. The church itself was built in 1792 under the authority of King George III. At the institute near by, which is maintained for the education of Indian children are kept a silver communion set and a large Bible, both of which were gifts from Queen Anne.

* * *

FROM THE MATRON OF THE institute on this visit I obtained some facts concerning the history of these relics with which I had not been familiar. The communion set and Bible were given by Queen Anne in 1712 to an Indian church in the state of New York and remained there until after the revolutionary war. When that war broke out the Mohawks, sympathizing with the British, and being fearful that they might lose these precious relics, buried them secretly, and there they remained until some years after the war when they were resurrected and carried to the Canadian church.

* * *

ON THE BLANK LEAVES OF the Bible are the signatures of various eminent personages who have visited the place. On one page are the signatures of Albert Edward, prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII; George, duke of York, now King George V; Mary, duchess of York, now Queen Mary, and Edward, the present prince of Wales. The young prince has visited the church and institute twice, and on his latest visit he told Mrs. Snell, the matron, that he believed that page to be the only one in the world which contains the original autographs of his grandfather, his father, his mother and himself. No wonder such relics are jealously guarded!

THE TIME WHICH OUR LITtle party spent around Brantford was particularly enjoyable to me because of the opportunity afforded to visit familiar places and meet old friends, many of them schoolmates of some sixty years ago. During my school days I lived with grandparents in a little farm just beyond the village of Newport, some three miles from town. Once the village was a busy place, the center of considerable country trade and for a time the head of river steamboat navigation. On this trip I was told by Frank Cockshutt that his father the late Igantius Cockshutt, chief founder of the great Cockshutt fortune, had started on his wedding trip at Newport, taking a steamer there for Buffalo, almost 100 years ago.

Davies

* * *

IN MY OWN TIME STEAM traffic on the river had been suspended, but occasional freight scows moved slowly up or down the stream, drawn by horses traveling along the tow path. The village had a population of perhaps 200, with two brickyards, two stores, a hotel, blacksmith and wagon shops. Today there is but one building left in the place, that occupied by the postmaster and his family. The river has cut into the bank and several of the buildings on that side of the road floated down stream. The rest were torn down or moved elsewhere. I was still looking for the village when I found that I had driven through where it formerly was.

* * *

AT THE TOP OF THE HILL IS the schoolhouse, which was built during my school days and is still in good repair. New desks have been substituted for the old ones, but I sat at the desk corresponding to the one which Charley Houlding and I occupied together for several seasons. Part of the school ground is occupied by a steep hill, and I remember the planting on that hillside of young maples about two inches in diameter. Today the hillside is a dense forest, with maples fully two feet in diameter, and alongside are immense black walnuts which had not even been planted in my time.

* * *

NEXT TO THE SCHOOL IS MY old home, changed as to exterior, but with the rooms as they were long ago. The view from the top of the hill is just as it was, with the fine sweep of the river below and the Charlton and Coleman farms just beyond. I can still see the mist rising from the valley as it did on summer mornings in the old days. Down the river is the Fawcett farm, where the grandfather of Captain Billy Fawcett of Minneapolis reared his numerous family. I went to school with most of Billy's uncles and aunts.

* * *

THEN THERE WAS A VISIT to the old church, Farringdon, just out of town, where we attended services on a Sunday morning. Only three or four of my own generation are now left in that little congregation, but there were enough to revive pleasant memories. The church is in a beautiful setting, but most of those whom I knew occupy places in the cemetery, where the headstones bear scores of familiar names.

* * *

ARRANGEMENTS ARE NOW being made for the celebration sometime this fall of the 100th anniversary of the organization of the Farringdon church. The congregation met first at the home of one of its members and then for some years occupied a frame church building, which still stands but is devoted to other uses. The present brick church building has been there as long as I can remember, but it has been enlarged and remodeled. The centennial celebration will be the occasion of a homecoming in which I am sorry that I cannot participate. The old church is deeply rooted in the affections of many who are far away from it, and whose thoughts will turn lovingly toward it as it rounds out its first century of existence.

* * *

OUR ROUTE HOMEWARD took us through Woodstock, near the scene of the Benwell murder which occupied pages of newspaper space many years ago, through Ingersoll, which no stranger would suspect of being the birthplace of Aimee Semple MacPherson, and near Norwich, once the home of Mrs. Herbert Hoover's family. The old Quaker meetinghouse which they attended I am told is still in use.

* * *

SOUTHERN ONTARIO IS A beautiful country, home-like, and with every evidence of thrift. Like all the rest of the world it has had to draw its belt tighter during these past few years, but the clouds seem to be lifting, at least a little. I found everywhere keen interest in the progress of affairs on this side of the line. Questions such as: "What do Americans think of the new president?" and "Is the 'new deal' likely to work?" were heard continually. There is a pretty distinct understanding that either prosperity or adversity in the United Stats must be reflected in Canada, and so, while the ties of kinship and tradition which stretch across the ocean are strong and enduring, Canadian eyes are also turned hopefully toward Washington for signs of economic betterment.

DIVING UNDER THE DETROIT river through the vehicle tunnel and passing through Detroit on our way west some of us recalled that it is at Dearborn, just outside of Detroit, that Henry Ford has his famous village of antiques. As the village was only a few blocks out of our way we decided to visit the village and spend perhaps half an hour giving it the once-over. So interesting did we find the place that the half-hour was extended to the better part of half a day, and we considered the time well spent.

Davies

* * *

THIS UNIQUE COLLECTION is in two main sections, the museum and the village proper. The museum, an immense building, is fronted by replicas of Independence Hall in Philadelphia and other colonial buildings. Additions to the collection of specimens are being made constantly, and the work of classifying and arranging these is still in progress. Here are shown implements, vehicles and machines once in common use, but now obsolete or rapidly becoming so. The evolution of the automobile is shown by the display of machines from the earliest models, domestic and foreign, down to the present. Every form of velocipede and bicycle is shown. There are harvesting implements from the sickle and scythe down to the machines now in use. Methods of domestic carding, spinning and weaving are shown. There are full-size models of ancient steam engines. It seems that every line of handicraft is represented, and the items run into the thousands.

* * *

THE CENTRAL FEATURE OF the village is the common or green, and around it are grouped historic buildings which have been transplanted from their original settings or are represented by faithful reproductions. There is the village inn, which was moved bodily from Clinton, Mich., and which is furnished in the fashion of a century ago. It contains, among other things, a writing desk that belonged to Henry W. Longfellow. There is the little schoolhouse which Henry Ford attended. An excellent example of a country church is shown. The courthouse from Logan county, Ill., in which Lincoln argued many cases was taken down carefully, piece by piece and re-erected, just as it was. It is of black walnut lumber, and no changes have been made except that it is now held together by screws instead of the original hand-made nails. There is the old village store with a stock of goods as of the year 1854, including an array of bustles and hoop-skirts. Modern merchandise is carried in the store for the convenience of village residents.

* * *

THERE IS AN OLD SAWMILL with its yard full of logs ready for the saw, and a grist mill of the old type. Near one end of the village is a cottage from the Cotswold district of England, with its great open fireplaces and massive beamed ceilings. This, though foreign, fits admirably into the setting. Also there are several private dwellings brought from New England, illustrating various types of colonial architecture.

* * *

TOGETHER WITH THESE are buildings and machinery associated with the early history of Thomas A. Edison, Ford's intimate friend, to whom the collection has been established as a memorial. To the casual observer and the student alike this vast collection is intensely interesting. Mr. Ford has shown foresight in the practice which he has adopted of collecting now articles which are still in use and which are intimately related to the industrial and social life of the people, but which will soon be superseded. Examples of these are now being collected before they have vanished from the earth.

* * *

ONE MORE DAY AT THE fair in Chicago concluded our sightseeing. I have already written about the fair. It is accurately designated as an exhibition of "A Century of Progress," for it illustrates in an impressive way and on a grand scale the progress of mankind during the past century in the arts, industries and sciences. It presents material for a week of sightseeing and entertainment or for an entire summer of intensive study.

* * *

BECAUSE RUMORS TO THE contrary have still reached me since my return, I wish to repeat a former statement that for those who wish to drive their own cars to the fair there is not the slightest difficulty about finding parking space within three or four blocks of any of the entrances. The usual charge for parking is 50 cents for all day and until the fair closes at night and cars are readily accessible and perfectly safe. On the grounds one can buy a hot dog for a nickel or an excellent dinner for a dollar. All the concessions which I saw are well worth the price charged for admission, and the more important ones are of exceptionally high class.

* * *

IT IS ALMOST WORTH A TRIP to Chicago to see the manner in which traffic is handled. Cars move, rank after rank in endless procession and at high speed, but all are under perfect control. There is no confusion and there are no accidents. Officers in the city and on the grounds are courteous and seem anxious to be helpful. Finally, in 3500 miles of travel I escaped without delay or accident, and whether because beer is sold freely everywhere or in spite of that fact, I did not see a single drunken person.

ON OPENING A VOLUME OF Leslie's Weekly for the year 1890 lent me by Mrs. L. K. Raymond Sr., of Almonte avenue, I became interested at once in a full-page picture of the Chicago World's Fair committee and a brief article telling of the reception tendered to the committee on its return from Washington after having secured congressional approval of the holding of a World's fair in Chicago in 1893. Forty-three years is quite a while, but the world spins rapidly. That earlier fair received about $2,500,000 from the federal government and $5,000,000 from the city of Chicago. The present fair receives no grant of public money of any kind, being financed entirely by private enterprise.

Davies

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LESLIE'S CONTAINS ALSO A picture, drawn from architect's plans, of a 1,500 foot tower which was to be the spectacular feature of the fair. The picture shows an ornate structure, over-topping the famous Eifell tower in Paris by 500 feet . It was to be astended by means of elevators which were to rise at the rate of 200 feet per minute, which was considered marvelous. That tower was never built. The great Ferris wheel was substituted. The two towers at the present fair are not as high as it was planned than the earlier one should be, being only 628 feet, but the elevators make the complete ascent in 55 seconds.

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FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY was in its time a notable journal. It was famous for its political articles and its literary and pictorial features. Toward the nineties it had slipped, and about 1890 it appeared under new management, Russell B. Harrison, son of President Harrison appearing as one of the owners. It still employed a staff of capable writers. One articles, by George C. Hurlbut, from which I quote the following, shows what seems to have been prophetic insight into the affairs of Europe.

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"IT LOOKS, WITHAL," WRITES Mr. Hurlbut, "as if monarchy had won the upper hand in the Old World; but looks are not always to be trusted, nor is a calm always the sign of strength. The consciousness of power is always dangerous to the possessor, for it blinds him to the signs of change. The undulations that De Quincey notices have never ceased to beat against the golden throne that stretched from St. Petersburg to Samarcand, and they break with a greater and a growing force against the apparently stable foundations of the German empire. There is no power that can stay them or turn them aside. The Swiss republic and the French republic might be overthrown, but that wave is the cosmic force of the universe. It flows with the revolution of the earth, and, sooner or later, all things that stand in its way will go down before it in ruin."

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CONCLUDING THIS REMARKable forecast the writer says: "The champions of despotism in central and western Europe have reached the term of their destiny; and the future belongs to the republican idea, in Italy and in Germany, no less than in Spain and Portugal and France." I wonder if the writer of those lines lives to see his predictions fulfilled by the shattering of thrones and the dissolution of empires in the World War, and what would be his estimate of the dictatorhips which have come upon the world since.

* * *

THE MAGAZINE IS BY NO means devoted entirely to political subjects, but just now I wish to quote from another article, an editorial entitled "The Socialistic Tendency:"

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"WE LIVE IN AN AGE OF agitation. The tendency of the times is eruptive. Society is in a state of discontent. Socialists are at the front. From the well-organized ranks of labor in both hemispheres comes a cry for social reorganization. The enfranchised man, beginning to appreciate the power of the ballot, asks for a paternal government, and insists that, if it is not paternal, it is not government.

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"THERE IS SOMETHING IN the times, in the atmosphere, or in the light and life of the day, that is full of unrest. Many men are thinking more than ever before, and most of their thoughts are misshapen, their plans crude, and their intentions far from unselfish. Under the pressure of this extraordinary state of things we are witnessing peaceful but amazing social revolutions. In Germany the government undertakes to restrict the hours of labor, and to guarantee life insurance and pensions to the working classes. In England parliament is contriving to pay the rents of over-burdened tenants, while here in the United States an experienced member of the federal senate proposes that the government shall make loans to private individuals at low rates of interest on unincumbered agricultural land."

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THESE WERE STARTLING INnovations in the year of grace 1890. What would the writers have thought of the New Deal of 1933?

Cont-

Aug 23-

ONE OF THE INTERESTING features of the volume of Leslie's Weekly for 1890, from which I quoted yesterday, is a picture of the reception given Nellie Bly on her return from her record - breaking trip around the world, a journey which she accomplished in the then remarkable time of 72 days, 6 hours and some minutes. I have forgotten the real name of the young lady who accomplished this feat, but as an employe of the New York World she was known as Nellie Bly. According to a statement made by the World on her return she made the journey by the ordinary modes of travel, without special trains or any other special facilities, without any considerable sum of money, and with no more clothing than a young lady would require overnight. She made her own arrangements as she went along.

Davies

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HENRY M. STANLEY HAS just returned from his expedition for the rescue of Emin Pasha, and he was quite the lion of the moment. Gladstone was still an important force in British politics. The young kaiser had received and accepted the resignation of his chancellor, Bismarck, and the world wondered what would become of Germany in consequence.

* * *

THERE IS SHOWN A PICTURE of Marshall P. Wilder, famous humorist, and De Wolf Hopper, who still flourishes, in a burlesque of the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet." Hopper, as Juliet, occupies the balcony, and how his tremendous voice must have shattered those tender love passages!

* * *

AN ACCIDENT HAD DELAYED the City of Paris on a trans-Atlantic passage. Had it not been for that the passage would have been made in seven days, and a Weekly writer moralizes on the dangers inherent in such reckless speed. The crossing was made a week or two ago in a little over four days.

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A PICTURE IS SHOWN OF THE marquis de Mores, slender, dapper, and with pointed and waxed moustache. This was some years after his run-in with Theodore Roosevelt at Medora. I find nothing to indicate the occasion for the picture.

* * *

WILLIAM McKINLEY WAS then a member of congress, championing the tariff bill which bore his name, and the magazine has a full page of pictures of the future president in speaking poses. Another picture is a portrait of William H. Taft, who had just been made solicitor general of the United States. Under McKinley he was to be sent to the Philippines as governor general, and successively to become secretary of war, president and supreme court justice.

* * *

THE CLAFLIN CORPORATION, described as one of the greatest in the world, was putting into effect a novel plan for employe participation through profit-sharing and stock ownership. The plan was hailed as an entirely new departure, fraught with tremendous beneficial possibilities. Today the application of that idea is the rule rather than the exception.

* * *

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS IN Washington had just presented to Miss Margaret I. Blaine, daughter of James G., a silver tea set on the occasion of her marriage to Walter Damrosch, who was already famous as a musical director, and whose programs are now heard by millions of listeners.

* * *

NUMEROUS PICTURES ARE shown of prominent society ladies, and these, with the fashion illustrations, lead to the conclusion that the plump figure rather than the sylph-like one, was popular in the early nineties. The costumes, of course, had tight waists and full sleeves. Bustles were worn, but they were less extreme than in earlier years, and there is no evidence of the crinoline in the illustrations.

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THE NEW YORK SUN WAS urging important amendments to the law creating the Interstate Commerce commission. Leslie's Weekly thought that the best way to amend the law was to repeal the whole thing, which it described as "odious, unjust and communistic." And that, be it remembered, was before the law had teeth put in it, which was done under Roosevelt nearly twenty years later.

FOR VISITORS TO THE World's fair in Chicago who have the price and are willing to pay it, a cruise in one of the two Zeppelins which are continually in service should be an interesting experience. I neglected to get figures on the size of the dirigibles, but my guess is that they are about 150 feet long. I believe they carry about ten passengers, and each cruise takes passengers over the fair grounds, the loop and a couple of miles out over the lake. The price charged for a ride is three dollars, and I should judge by the number of persons taken up that the enterprise must be a profitable one. Having been aloft in planes several times I I couldn't see three dollars' worth in the dirigible ride, so I remained on the ground.

Davies

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I WAS DISAPPOINTED SOME years ago in not having an opportunity to have a ride on the Shenandoah. The big ship was scheduled to participate in naval maneuvres in the West Indies which I attended as an unofficial observer, and I had in mind a flight on that big craft as a part of my experience. Orders were changed, however, and the Shenandoah did not join the fleet . While I have little faith in the dirigible for general purposes and in all sorts of weather, it seems that a flight in one in fine weather would be very enjoyable.

* * *

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT I learned at the fair is that Sweden is famous for its glass industry. I hadn't known that before. In the Swedish exhibit are shown some marvelous specimens of glass work, some of it seemingly so fragile that one might suppose that a breath would shatter it, many of the pieces showing beautiful colors and being highly artistic in form. Then, on my return, I learned that John E. Johnson, the Seventh avenue grocer, has a beautiful glass vase made years ago by his brother who is an expert glass worker in one of the Swedish plants.

* * *

PROTESTS HAVE BEEN BEEN made by many Jewish residents of the state against the calling of the forthcoming special election for September 22 because that day is included in one of the great Jewish religious festivals during which members of that faith may not engage in any secular activities. It is held that because of this orthodox Jews will be debarred from exercising their rights as citizens at the ballot box.

* * *

AS TO WHAT STEPS, IF ANY, are to be taken, or are possible, to relieve several thousands citizens from this hardship I am not informed. The incident, however, reminds me of a striking difference between our customs and those of several of the European countries in relation to elections and days commonly set apart for religious observance. On both continents Sunday is usually observed as a legal holiday, and for a very considerable part of the population the day is not only a secular holiday but one set apart for religious exercises.

* * *

IN THE UNITED STATES, and, I believe, in the British possessions, elections are never held on Sunday. But Sunday elections are quite the custom on the continent. All the recent elections in France and Germany have been held on Sunday, and among the common people of both countries there is profound religious sentiment.

* * *

SOME YEARS AGO I WAS told by Carl Sorenson, then engaged in the lumber business in Grand Forks, of the holding of an election in his native Norway. For years Norway and Sweden had been separate monarchies operating under one king. There had been agitation for the complete separation of the two countries and the establishment by Norway of an entirely separate establishment. It was decided to submit the question to popular vote, and one Sunday was fixed as election day.

* * *

MR. SORENSON'S BROTHER was pastor of a parish which included several churches on small islands along the Norwegian coast which he visited in turn by means of a row boat. On election day the pastor visited his nearest church and held communion service, and then, fresh from the solemnity of that service, the peasants of the little congregation cast their votes. Each of the churches under his charge was visited in turn and similar services were conducted and votes were cast in like manner.

* * *

THE RESULT OF THAT ELECtion is well known. By a great majority the plan for a separate establishment was approved. Later a young Danish prince was invited to occupy the throne, and, as King Haakon, he still reigns. The manner in which that vote was taken indicates an appreciation of the solemnity of the act. Perhaps a little more of the devotional spirit injected into our political acts might not be a bad thing.

SPEAKING ON WATER CONservation at Jamestown a few days ago Professor Howard E. Simpson gave some interesting facts concerning the lowering of water levels in Devils Lake. He showed that at one time the lake level stood at 56 feet, presumably above an officially established zero. In 1883 the level had lowered to 35 feet, in 1907 to 25 feet, and in 1929 to 13 feet. It appears, therefore, that since 1883 the level has been lowered at the rate of about 6 inches a year. The lowering of levels, however, has been more rapid in recent years. This may be attributed in part to exceptional dry weather during the past few years, but it is apparent that unless steps are taken promptly to supply water, the once great lake is doomed.

Davies

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IT IS AN OLD STORY THAT the lake once reached right to the city of Devils Lake, and that the steamer Minnie H. under the guidance of Captain Herman, docked within a few rods of the present Great Northern station. Now the water does not come within six or seven miles of that point. As the water has lowered the area of the lake has contracted, and at the present rate of progress Devils Lake, within the lifetime of many who now live near it, will have been reduced to a mere puddle of bitter salt water.

* * *

THE BUILDING ON THE Chautauqua grounds, which is now used as a museum, was once a biological station, established and operated under the auspices of the University of North Dakota under charge of Dean Brannon, now chancellor of the University of Montana. Dean Brannon conducted elaborate studies there of acquatic life, animal and vegetable, with a view to the development of strains of fish that would thrive in the salt water of the lake and of plants which would live in the water and provide food and shelter for the fish. Real progress was made in this work, but in the race between the growing salinity of the water and the development of life that would thrive in it salt won and the project was abandoned. Devils Lake was once excellent fishing ground. It can be made so again by the diversion of the flood waters of the Missouri into it.

AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR one is impressed by the lavishness of nature in its provision for the reproduction of plant life. A head of wheat may contain anywhere from a dozen to two or three dozen kernels. It is not unusual to see five or six heads growing from a single root. Thus one seen may produce 100 or more kernels. Each of these contains within itself the capacity for growth. If each should grow and yield in like manner it would take only a few years to fill the whole world with wheat.

* * *

SIMILAR FECUNDITY IS shown in many other plants. From the elm, the cottonwood and many other trees there are released each season thousands upon thousands of seeds, each group the product a few generations back of a single tiny seed which took root and grew. Our hollyhocks are loaded with seed pods, each filled with seeds. One snapdragon plant wil produce thousands of seeds. Petunias and sweet alyssum yield seed so fine as to be almost invisible, and the number of seeds produced by a single plant is almost beyond computation. It is evident that under natural conditions not one seed in a million can grow and produce in its turn. Nature releases the seeds and then permits each to shift for itself and to fight its own way amid the obstacles which she herself provides.

* * *

THERE IS SOMETHING OF A mystery in the lavish production of the fruit of the tartarian honeysuckle. Just now the shrubs of this plant are brilliant with the pretty red berries that succeed the blossoms. Birds find the fruit edible, seemingly in moderation, but in spite of the fact that birds are numerous and are constantly seeking food, bushels of these attractive red berries fall to the ground and are permitted to lie there unnoticed.

* * *

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF natural mysteries I think of the case of the mosquito. Why does the insect inject poison into its victim? If the poison were injected, as is the case with some insects, for the purpose of killing or paralyzing the victim in order that a supply of food might be assured there would seem to be some sense in the arrangement. But no such purpose is served. Nobody would begrudge the mosquito her drop of blood if it were taken painlessly, but the injection of the poison sets up an intolerable itching the knowledge of which makes all other life the enemy of the mosquito. It has always seemed to me that the mosquito would get along much better without the poison attachment. In any event she would be a much less unpopular insect.

LIKE MOST OTHERS I HAVE been familiar with the song "Come to the Church in the Wildwood" for many years, and like many others, I suppose, I have known nothing of the history of the song or any knowledge that it was associated with any particular church. The piece is included in most popular song books and it is heard often over the radio. Until recently I supposed it to be purely a work of sentiment and imagination. I have just learned that there is actually a "Little Brown Church" which is intimately related to the song itself.

Davies

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MY BARBER FRIEND, BILL Saul, has just told me that his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Saul, once residents of Grand Forks, were married and he was Baptised in the "Little Brown Church," which is a modest edifice at Bradford, a country district two miles from Nashua, Chicasaw county, Iowa. A little pamphlet published by the congregation outlines the history of the church and the writing of the song.

* * *

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL church of Bradford was organized in 1855. The church building was begun in 1862 and was dedicated in 1864, the Civil war having interrupted the progress of the building. Meetings were at first held in various buildings in the community, and it was under the pastorate of Rev. J. K. Nutting that the little building was undertaken and completed. During war times the pastor's salary was reduced from $500 to $450. The story of the origin of the song is told by the author, Dr. William S. Pitts, in the following words:

"One bright afternoon of a day in June, 1857, I first set foot in Bradford, Iowa, coming by stage from McGregor. My home was then in Wisconsin. The spot where the "Little Brown Church" now stands was a setting of rare beauty. There was no church there then, but the spot was there waiting for it. When back in my home I wrote the song "The Little Brown Church in the Vale." I put the manuscript away. In the spring of 1862 I returned to Iowa and settled at Fredericksburg, inasmuch as my wife's people were there. In the winter of 1863-64 I taught a singing class in Bradford. We held our school in the brick building known as the Academy.

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"IN THE YEARS 1859 AND 1860 the good people of Bradford were determined to build a church. I will not take time to tell of the trials, the disappointments and the successes that followed; suffice it to say, by the early winter of 1864 the building was ready for dedication. While I was holding the singing school, near its close in the spring, the class went one evening to the church. It was not then seated, but rude seats were improvised. My manuscript of the song I had brought with me from Wisconsin. It had never been sung before by anyone but myself. I sang it there. Soon afterwards I took the manuscrips to Chicago where it was published by H. M. Higgins. It won a speedy recognition locally and with the years won its way into the hearts of the people of the world."

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CONTINUING HIS STATEment Dr. Pitts says that the little church, which had been painted brown, as some said because of lack of money to buy better paint, became known as "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," and church and song thus became closely associated.

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FOR SEVERAL YEARS AN annual reunion has been held at the church. At one of these, held in 1916, Rev. J. K. Nutting, the first pastor, then aged 84, and Dr. Pitts, author of the song, aged 87, were present. Both died within a few years.

* * *

BECAUSE OF ITS ASSOCIAtion with the song the church is still brown, the old color being renewed with periodical fresh paintings. To persons familiar with the tradition the place has become a sort of shrine, and it is a favorite spot for marriages. Many couples, accompanied by their officiating pastors, repair there for the marriage ceremony. Signs on the highway near by direct tourists to the place, and I have heard of occassional Grand Forks residents who have visited it. This case is one in which, curiously enough, the song that was to make the church famous was written before the church itself was built.

* * *

MR. SAUL, WHO TOLD ME the story and lent me the pamphlet, visited that section some years ago for the first time since he was an infant. By diligent inquiry he found numerous relatives, near and remote. One distant cousin with whom he spent a day or two, happened to be a barber. Saul had said nothing about his own occupation, but on a busy Saturday morning he dropped into his relative's shop. There were several customers waiting and there was one chair not in use. Saul asked his cousin if there were any extra tools, and the cousin, supposing that Saul wished to shave himself, told him where he would find the necessary implements. Saul assorted the tools, took his place behind the chair and called "Next," to the astonishment of his cousin. He helped out all day, did a land-office business, and of course refused the pay which was tendered him. But on his return home, when he was unpacking his grip, he found a $5 bill clear at the bottom among his socks and ties. The cousin had sneaked it in "unbeknownst."

FRED W. OELRICH, OF INKster, writes: "How is this for corn grown on my farm south of Inkster? This Minnesota No. 13 late maturing corn was planted May 13. Can you beat that for early corn?"

Davies

Accompanying the letter was an ear of well matured corn measuring a little over 8 inches in length and fully 2 inches in diameter, filled with 16 rows of plump kernels. The corn was received August 22. It had been produced, therefore, in just a little over three months.

* * *

OLDER RESIDENTS OF THE state can remember when it was popularly believed that corn could not be grown in North Dakota. Because of the shortness of the growing season corn was sure to be nipped by early frost. This belief persisted for years in spite of the fact that the Indians had been growing corn in this territory long before the white men came. Presently white settlers began to experiment with what was known as squaw corn, a small, early maturing variety such as the Indians had grown.

* * *

SUCCESS WITH SQUAW CORN induced settlers to try some of the larger varieties. In the meantime progress had been made in developing strains of corn which would give larger yields and at the same time wouuld mature earlier. North Dakota became a corn state, not exclusively, by any means, but on a scale of which the first settlers never dreamed. Now as fine corn is grown in North Dakota as is grown anywhere, and this year the Red river valley has a better corn crop than can be found in most sections of the distinctive corn states.

* * *

MORT GREEN, WHO FIGures in those cartoons every few days, was commanded by his wife to ascend to the roof and hold an umbrella over a leak while it was raining. I knew a man who had a better scheme. His kitchen roof had a chronic leak which might have been very annoying if it had not been for his ingenuity. He fixed a wide board to the ceiling right under the leak and slanting toward the rear wall. When it rained it was necessary only to set a dishpan on the floor by the wall. The board caught most of the drip and conveyed it to the dishpan, and the dishpan wasn't much in the way. That arrangement served for several seasons.

* * *

EVEN HOMER NODS OCCAsionally. In an editorial the erudite New York Times confused Mary, Queen of Scots, with Mary, Queen of England and predecessor of Elizabeth. The error was discovered in the office, but too late for correction, and the Times was bombarded with letters calling attention to it.

* * *

IN THIS SECTION OF THE country we do not run much to orchids, but the more choice varieties are too perishable and costly to be stocked regularly by florists in a small city. Visitors at the World's Fair, who should reserve at least several hours for a visit to the horticulture exhibit, will find there an interesting display of orchids, and wil be enlightened as to why some orchids cost a good deal of money.

In the exhibit are shown orchids of that particular strain in all stages of development, from the seed to the flowering period. The seed, which is very fine, is started in glass jars, and the tiny young plants are grown on absorbent material treated with a special fertilizer. Plants of that variety do not bloom until they are seven years old, and during all that time they must be carefully nursed along. The blossoms are beautiful, but, to my mind, not more beautiful than many others which require much less care and cost less money.

* * *

ONE PHASE OF THE DEVELopment of tourist travel strikes a note which jars just a little. In the older states the highways take one through countless towns and villages whose residence districts speak of serene and dignified maturity. There are well paved streets, arched over by splendid trees, and residences, mellow with time, often in beautiful settings, but the picture is marred by the display of signs, many of them loud and glaring, offering in ways intended to be persuasive, accommodations for tourists. The availability of such accommodations may be convenient for tourists, but after driving through miles and miles of such streets and being confronted by hundreds of such signs, one cannot refrain from wondering if there are no homes left that are homes and nothing else, maintained in reasonable privacy for family and friends.

IT IS THE UNIVERSAL EXperience, I believe, that when one visits the scenes of his childhood after an absence of many years, the entire landscape seems to have changed. Almost always all dimensions seem to have shrunk. Places which once were distant have miraculously come closer together. Hills are lower. Steep grades have been flattened out, mighty rivers have dwindled into mere creeks. magnificent trees have been shorn of at least half of their imposing dimensions. All of these things have been told me by others, and I have experienced some of them myself. In my case there is one exception, however. The perpendicular dimensions appear to have remained unchanged. I have been a little curious about that. On a recent visit to localities familiar many years ago I was prepared for what seems to be the usual experience. Like others, I found that the landscape had contracted. After making due allowance for the difference between traveling by car and by wagon or on foot, the distances still seemed to have shrunk unaccountably. The distance that once called for a long walk seemed to have been reduced to but a few steps. Buildings once imposing in their height seemed to have become almost squatty.

Davies

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ALL THIS WAS ACCORDING to rule. The thing that surprised me was the impression of shrinkage did not apply to the perpendicular in so far as the landscape itself was concerned. The hills that I once knew are as big and steep and the valleys as deep as ever. I found no single instance in which this was not true. On the whole, I was pleased. I have liked to think of the hills as I knew them, and it was pleasant to find that my early impression of them did not need to be corrected.

* * *

A NEWS STORY THE OTHer day told of the development of a new potato which is believed to possess superior qualities as to yield, flavor and keeping qualities. The new strain was developed from a cross between two standard varieties. Back of that simple announcement lie years of painstaking experimentation.

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THOSE WHO KNOW ANYthing at all about potatoes know that the crop is grown commercially by planting either whole or cut potatoes in the ground, and from the "seed" thus planted other potatoes grow, similar in all respects to those which were planted. Strictly speaking, the seed potatoes are not seed at all, but tubers, and real potato seed is becoming so rare that many persons are unaware of its existence.

* * *

A POTATO FIELD, WITH THE plants covered with white or purple blossoms, is a familiar sight. As a rule the blossoms disappear without leaving further trace. Under favorable conditions there are developed from the blossoms true seed pods, each containing a number of small seeds. Under modern methods of propagation and cultivation the potato is abandoning the habit of producing seed. Yet it is upon the seed that the experimenter depends for the development of new varieties of potatoes.

* * *

POTATO SEEDLINGS ARE tiny plants, with only a suggestion of tubers. Like Burbank, the experienced grower may discard thousands of the little plants, which he has grown with care, saving one, or a dozen, which may give promise of value. Little tubers from these are planted and every detail of their behavior is carefully noted. Once in a blue moon one develops into something of value. Improvement of existing strains by selection is another process which does not involve the use of seed, and this is conducted on a large scale by practical potato men.

* * *

GREEN IS NOT THE PROPER Irish color, says General O'Duffy, commander of the so-called Free State National Guard which has just been placed under the ban by President de Valera. According to the general green has been used as Ireland's representative color for only 200 years, and he will have nothing to do with anything so modern. The original Irish color, he says, was blue, therefore he has caused his guardsmen to be attired in blue shirts thus reverting to the days of Brian Boru.

* * *

THE COLOR SCHEME IN IREland is in danger of becoming mixed. A group of Irishmen, fairly numerous, have shown a predeliction for orange, their ancestors having adopted that color in honor of William, prince of Orange, whom they assisted in his successful effort to dethrone his father-in-law, King James. Blue was also a favorite color of the same group, and the orange and the blue have floated together over many a parade while the wearers of the green stood by and offered derisive comment. If the wearers of the green are to become the wearers of the blue, what are the orange adherents going to do about it?

SOME TIME LAST YEAR I REferred regretfully to the cutting down of a tree on the road leading to the "Big Woods" west of Bygland. The tree was a magnificent elm which stood out in the open perhaps a mile from what is left of the river forest. With its tall, straight trunk and the magnificent sweep of its branches it was a thing of beauty and a conspicuous landmark. Until last year the road there had been graded, and the tree stood so close to the section line that the prairie trail curved a little to miss it. The last time I visited the place the tree had been removed, and because road grade stakes had been set I supposed that the tree had been cut down to avoid a slight kink in the road.

Davies

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O. J. BARNES, WHO OWNS A farm in the vicinity, has known and admired the tree for years, and regrets its removal. He says, however, that it was not destroyed on account of the grading of the road, but as a result of a property line dispute. Mr. Barnes says that a dispute over the exact location of the section line had been in progress for some time and that one of the claimants, asserting that the tree was on his property, took it upon himself to cut it down. A check of the line, says Mr. Barnes, later revealed that the tree was not on the claimant's property at all. However, the tree is gone and it cannot be replaced.

* * *

CONCERNING THE LOCATION of the line, Mr. Barnes says that several of the neighbors were called in to assist in finding the old government stakes, and that these were found with unexpected ease. One of the men assisting started from a known position, paced a certain number of steps, and said that the desired stake should be somewhere in that vicinity. Another, with a shovel, began to prod around in the earth, and at about the third pass with the shovel he struck the iron stake planted by the government surveyors fifty-odd years ago. The other corner stake was found with equal ease, and both were only barely covered with earth and grass.

* * *

A NEW YORK TIMES EDItorial writer has evidently been touring, for he writes entertainingly of the reading matter often found in country homes which provide accommodations for tourists. In several such places he seems to have found and perused cook books published some fifty years ago, and some of the culinary instructions found therein have interested him greatly. Accustomed as he is to gas and electric ranges he finds something archaic in the cook stove, and he refers to its as having been made of wrought iron. There may have been wrought iron stoves, but I never happened to see one. All that I ever saw were of cast metal, and I imagine that is what the Times man had in mind.

* * *

THERE IS A DECIDED DIFference between the method of handling beer now in the states where beer is legal and the methods which prevailed before prohibition. In the earlier days, except in some of the larger places, beer was sold only in saloons. Now it is sold practically wherever drinks of any kind are dispensed. It may be had at hotels and restaurants, at many filling stations, at roadside lunch counters and at many drug stores.

* * *

THE WIDE DISTRIBUTION OF sale seems to have brought about a change in the manner of drinking. Formerly, when beer was sold in only a relatively few places, it was necessary to go to those particular places to obtain it. Making a special trip to a saloon one usually preferred to have company, and instead of one glass of beer several were likely to be consumed. Now it is usually not necessary to go far for a glass of beer, and perhaps in consequence of this the drinking of beer seems to have ceased to be either a rite or an adventure. Beer is more commonly drunk with meals than formerly, and while the total consumption is doubtless large, the consumption per person at a sitting seems to be small.

* * *

I WAS COMPARING NOTES with a clerical friend who visited the World's fair a short time before I did, and the subject of beer came up in the conversation. My friend had noticed that in practically all the restaurants on the fair grounds beer is served. The thing that interested him particularly was the fact that while beer could be obtained everywhere at reasonable prices, only a comparatively small proportion of the diners seemed to be drinking it. In the aggregate many persons drank beer. But many more drank coffee, lemonade or other non-alcoholic beverages. Quite certainly ease of acquisition has not caused the nation to wallow in beer.

THERE MUST BE LIVING yet in the northwest a number of persons who had personal experience of the tornado which crossed the Mississippi valley in the vicinity of the Twin Cities and wrought terrible destruction there forty-three years ago, although the storm has passed from the recollection of the general public. The great tragedy of that occasion was the sinking of the steamer Sea Wing in Lake Pepin, with the loss of some 120. At Lake Gervais, about four miles from St. Paul, the storm struck with terrible force, stripping the bark from trees and leveling everything before it. Leslie's Weekly for July 26, 1890, thus tells the story of the Lake Pepin disaster:

Davies

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"ON SUNDAY, JULY 12, A large party of excursionists visited the military camp at Lake City on Lake Pepin, coming from Red Wing, at the head of the lake, by the small side-wheel steamer Sea Wing, which also towed a flat open barge. After spending the day at the camp the excursionists re-embarked for home about 8 o'clock in the evening. The Sea Wing had on board about 207 persons, including the crew, and the barge carried 30 more. The high wind which prevailed at the time of starting soon increased to a fierce tempest, accompanied by a shower of hail. The little steamer floundered about in the high waves, bearing northward, and the passengers took refuge in the cabin, the doors of which were locked. A panic arose, and Captain Weathern lost his head. He cut the barge loose and attempted to make the Wisconsin shore. But the little steamboat, no longer steadied by the weight of the barge, now drifted completely at the mercy of the hurricane. Finally one wild burst caught her broadside, lifted her almost bodily out of the water, turned her completely over, and then dashed her to the bottom of the lake, with all her helpless human freight. The barge, meanwhile, had drifted aground, and the 30 men and women aboard were saved.

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"FROM THE WRECK OF THE Sea Wing and those fortunate enough to be provided with life-preservers or able to cling to the upturned bottom of the boat got away alive. The fury of the storm abated as suddenly as it had burst, and in a very short time rescuing boats put out from Stockholm and Lake City to pick up survivors. At writing between 80 and 90 persons are reported rescued, leaving a death list of about 120. Fifty bodies, including those of Captain Weathern's wife and son, were found in the cabin of the wrecked steamer. Many young men and women were among the victims, and the details are harrowing in the extreme. The town of Red Wing is thrown into deep mourning by the disaster, which will rank among the most sadly memorable that have occurred on the Mississippi."

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TRAVELERS WHO VISIT CHIcago and drive by way of Elgin may observe some of the effects of the storm which visited that locality early in July. Although not described as a tornado in the news dispatches of that date, the storm seems to have been distinctly of that type. One barn standing near the highway is almost roofless, though otherwise apparently intact. The condition of the remaining part of the roof indicates clearly the character of the explosive force which wrought the damage. Broken boards and rafters of the remaining part of the roof project outward, showing that the force was applied from within the loft rather than from the outside. This is characteristic of the true tornado.

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THE WRECKAGE OF SEVERal other buildings may be seen from the highway, and in some cases the destruction was complete. For several miles trees have been blown down, while most of those left standing are browned as if a great fire had passed over them. The storm passed by the main part of Chicago, but touched some of the suburbs with diminished force, the phenomena there being unusually high wind and heavy rain. It is difficult to form a mental picture of such a storm striking the fair grounds with full force at any time before the closing hour.

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DURING THE WORLD'S FAIR at St. Louis a storm swept over the grounds during the late afternoon. Those in our little group were outside, intending to walk from one part of the grounds to another, when clouds gathered and it began to rain. To avoid a wetting we took shelter in the nearest building and spent the time looking over the exhibits there until the rain was over. But in an evening paper a little later I learned that we had been in the center of a bad storm, that a building in one section of the grounds had been badly damaged, and my recollection is that one person had been killed.

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IT IS OFTEN REMARKED that persons hundreds of miles away learn more quickly and more accurately about sensational happenings in a great city than do those living almost within plain sight of the occurrence . This is not always the case, but it happens that way quite often.